

Crooked I

"Boom Boom Clap"

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[Intro]

Yea this is for gangsta's only
The dance floor's packed and them thangs is on me
These cats wanna hate cause they dangers on me
We strapped in the club, so it's dangerous homie

[Verse 1]

Boom Boom Clap, Clap, Boom Clap
This is Dodger Music, this the new blue hat
This the bulletproof coupe with the moon roof back
With the deuce deuce strap, this is new school crack
Boom Boom Clap, Clap, Boom Clap
Make way for young boss, dude move back
Cause dude pack enough heat to remove dudes shaqs
Keep his quarters and jimmy choo shoes now who's
back
Dynasty for life, y'all know what's good
Middle finger's how we throw up our hood
Bone crushers ready, eatin wimps for dinner
Them boys is blood suckers like a ten percenta
Man Crooked bomb first boy, please do not diss
Nine years later, I'm still on some pac ish
Got my own label, let's pop cris
I'm feelin like Dre at the Vibe Awards, can't nobody
stop this

[Chorus]

Yeah, I'm two steppin with your freak yo
We in the club twenty deep yo
Everybody on the streets know
Beef wit us homie my heat go
Boom Boom Clap, Clap Boom Clap
Beef wit us homie my heat go
Boom Boom Clap, Clap Boom Clap
Everybody on the streets know

[Hook]

Yeah, Pay your rent girl
Drop down to the ground
Pay your rent girl
Do the freak to the beat

Pay your rent girl
Lapdance that man
Pay your rent girl

[Verse 2]

Yeah, Long Beach got nothing to hide
East side, 5-6-2 I say it with pride
Chicks see the C-N-S and they get inside
I used my cars to get broads, I pimp my ride
Nicca, black mercedes packed with ladies
Half they crazy, asses is askin to have my baby
Rappers lately acting shady
Have me clap three eightys
You backwards cats amaze me
Nope, I don't feel you fags
Money in the safe but I gotta fill new bags
I don't feel too bad, got beef holla
I'll put money on your head like a dollar bill doorag

[Chorus]

[Intro]

[Verse 3]

Yeah, I don't need no ex, still getting more sex
Get it then I let the Horseshoe Gang go next
Still sippin moet, still hittin your ex
Still got diamonds in my Bill Clinton rolex
How you livin? Is that really your crib?
I got rich, never sat on Rap City with Tig
Absolutely you dig, I'll mack milli your wig
I'm black william bonnie, that's Billy The Kid
I keep clips like them virginia boys
First you get money man then you store
I'm waiting for a bad chick to walk in the door
With a body like Kenya Moore, I get in ya more

[Chorus]

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